NUMBER 6

DALGODA™

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BY JAN STRNAD AND DENNIS FUJITAKE

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DALGODA

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INTRODUCTION BY JAN STRNAD

Hello, and welcome to the sixth issue of *Dalgoda*!

This may be the last issue of *Dalgoda* you read.

No, we're not ceasing publication, but I know that *some* of you (you know who you are!) only collect the first few issues of a title and then move on to new pastures. The conclusion of a storyline, as occurs in this issue in both *Dalgoda* and *Grimwood's Daughter*, is for many readers a chance to hop off the merry-go-round and try another ride.

If this is *your* last issue, so long and best of luck to you! I'm sorry to see you go, but I have to look at the bright side of things, too: next issue begins a *new* storyline, and that's the cue for lots of *other* folks to hop *on!*

You may have noticed that this issue is later than usual. I mean, later even than each previous issue had been late. There are very good reasons for this. First, **Dennis Fujitake** was running a little behind schedule on the artwork because of his job as a commercial art commitments in Honolulu. Then, just to make matters worse, he was knocked off his motorcycle by a speeding van and had to spend some time in a hospital. He's O.K. now, but the accident did put him off his stride a bit.

Dennis has taken two steps to prevent such delays in the future: he's quit his commercial art assignments to devote himself to *Dalgoda*, and he's traded in what's left of the deathcycle for a real car. There's even talk—very *loose* talk—of a monthly *Dalgoda*. . . but first we're going to concentrate on meeting the current bi-monthly schedule and getting a few issues ahead.

The delay did have one interesting side effect: Since the book was going to be late anyway, we indulged **Kevin Nowlan** and let him color the last chapter of *Grimwood's Daughter* himself. The result speaks for itself. . . a fine and fitting end to a terrific series.

The many fans of **Bill Loebs** and his frontier epic *Journey* will be pleased to find a one-issue *Journey* back-up story next issue. Bill's putting out some of the freshest, wittiest, most exciting material on the market these days and I can't wait to see it realized for the first time in full-process color.

After that, the British invasion hits *Dalgoda's* back pages as wildmen **Alan Moore** and **Steve Parkhouse** present *The BoJeffries Saga*, an exercise in insanity such as only the degenerate Brits can provide.

As for the Hound himself, Dalgoda embarks on a new quest in a series of two-part adventures beginning with "The Canine Mutiny" in *Dalgoda #7*. We'll pop back in time to meet some of Dal's Canidan friends (including the sensuous "Ardra"), the entire cast takes the longest flight *ever* through sub-space, Victor Kneedam loses his nose, and Dal goes to pieces.

And it's all in the next death-defying issue, so. . . come on, thrillseekers! Get your tickets ready and let's go around one more time!

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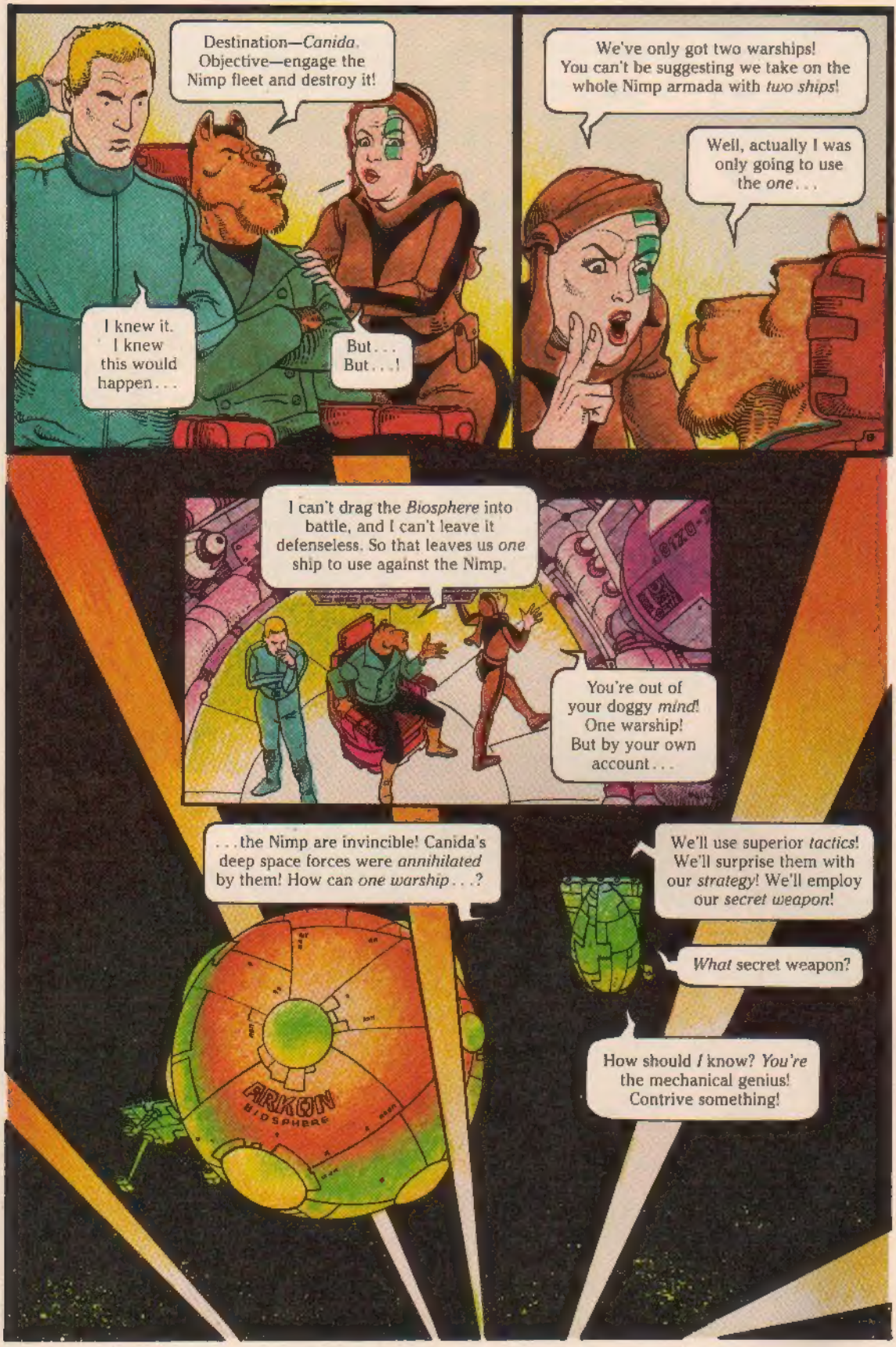
Dalgoda, Come Home

Part Two

You can't *do* this, Dal! You can't just steal these ships! The World Security Council won't let you!
These are *my* ships, Posey. World Security was trying to steal them from *me*. They broke the contract. I'm free to command as I see fit!
Right on, buddy! From now on, we're *free agents* flying under our *own flag*!
So, Captain Dal —what's our destination and what do we do when we get there?
CHING


Destination—*Canida*. Objective—engage the Nimp fleet and destroy it!
I knew it. I knew this would happen...
But... But...!
We've only got two warships! You can't be suggesting we take on the whole Nimp armada with *two ships*!
Well, actually I was only going to use the *one*...
I can't drag the *Biosphere* into battle, and I can't leave it defenseless. So that leaves us *one* ship to use against the Nimp.
You're out of your doggy *mind*! One warship! But by your own account...
...the Nimp are invincible! Canida's deep space forces were *annihilated* by them! How can *one warship*...?
We'll use superior *tactics*! We'll surprise them with our *strategy*! We'll employ our *secret weapon*!
What secret weapon?
How should *I* know? *You're* the mechanical genius! Contrive something!
ARKON BIOSPHERE

You know, Dalgoda, before you do *anything* more we ought to go over the *legal* aspects of this case. We have to anticipate charges of grand larceny... kidnapping... sedition...
Please...! I don't want to think about that now.
Understand me, Albert— I know that by leaving without clearance I've caused myself some legal problems. As my attorney, you're worried...And I'm *sorry*...
...but, first things first! And right now I have to reassure the passengers and crew that everything's under control.
So *come on*, all of you! We have a *speech* to write!
Like minnows in a stream, the ships continue their journey through the radiant sluice of sub-space! Sometime later...
...and I'm telling *you*, if Dalgoda bugged out early, then he had a damn good reason to do it!
Be quiet and hold still!
Lady

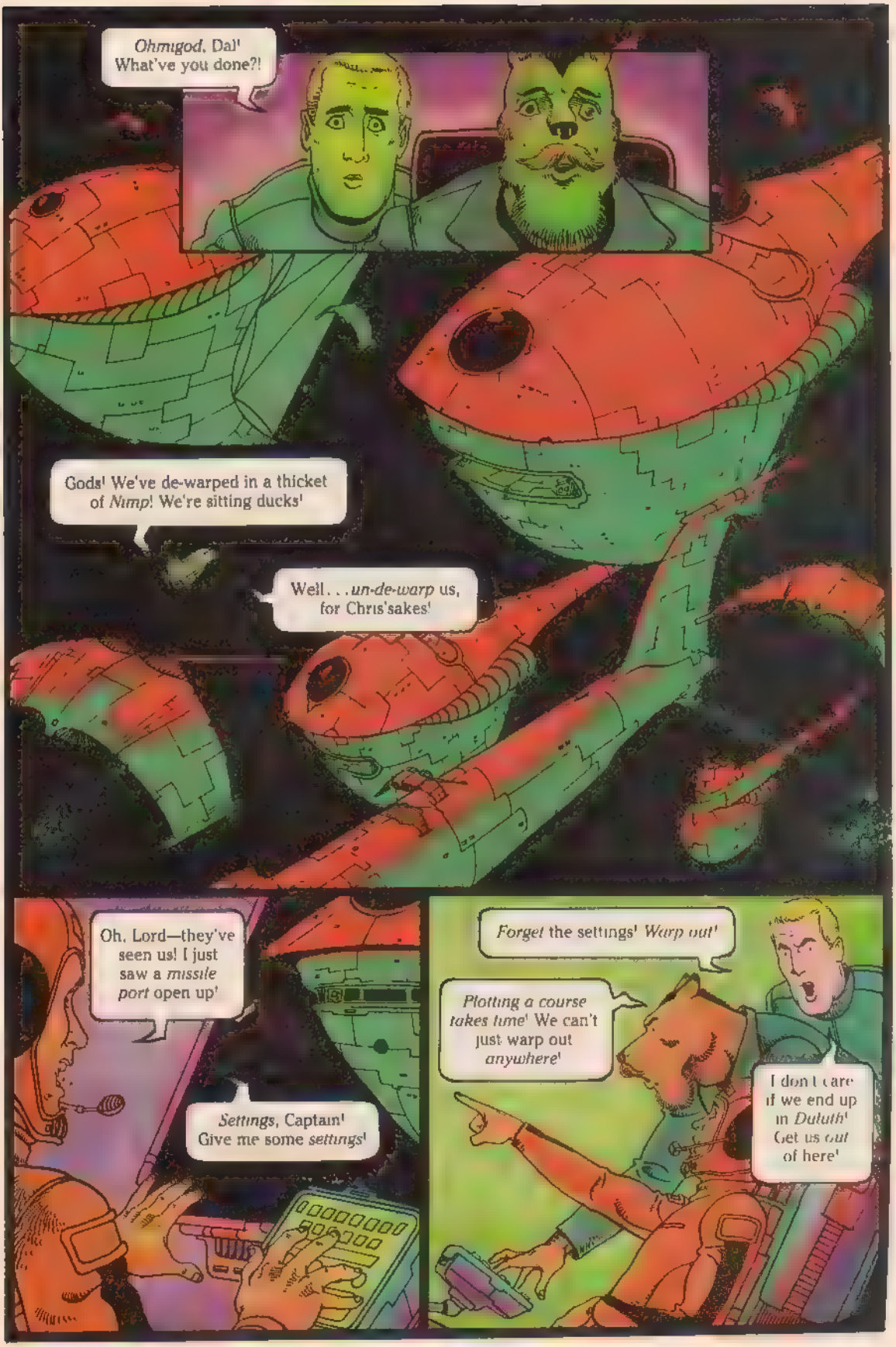
Do you really have to use *that* thing? God...it looks like some kind of medieval *torture* device!
We need the penetration. Just relax ...don't tense up.
205
STERILE
Well, I still say, with planetary war brewing on Earth, we're lucky to be here! The dog-man probably saved our lives by taking off when he did! He knows what he's doing!
GROOAAHHH
Fiddlesticks. The big goof probably just hit the wrong button.
I happen to consider Dalgoda a good, competent Captain. He knows what's best. You'll see.
Please stand by for a special announcement from your Captain. All personnel and passengers, please stand by...
205
Stern face... firm voice... look of a leader...
Be confident! And *don't apologize!*
Fellow travelers, hello. Welcome to Project Acorn...

. . . the first united space effort co-sponsored by the World Security Council of Earth and the Revolutionary Government of Canida. Our mission is two-fold . . .
First, to preserve human life in the self-sustaining satellite community known as the *Biosphere*. The significance of this endeavor will be determined by impending events on Earth. The second objective . . .
. . . is a rescue mission to my home planet of *Canida*, where, even as I speak, my people strive gallantly to . . . uhm . . . (*hmphh*) . . .
SPUTT
POP
FFFTTT
SPPPTTT
PAAFFT
ZZITTT
. . . to . . . (*hmphh*) . . . do . . . uhm . . . whatever it is they're doing. Precisely what this may be . . .
. . . is difficult to determine due to lack of communication with Canida. However . . . (*hmphh*) . . . the situation is quite bad and I am confident . . . that is, I am *very* confident . . . that it will soon be . . . uhm . . . much worse.

I realize that our sudden. . . uhm. . . *outset* has upset some of you whose plans to return to Earth before the onset of the mission have been. . . uhm. . . set back. This was unavoidable.
To those of you upset by the set-backs of the onset or the upsets of the outset. . . I'm truly *sorry*.
Oops.
Tell me I didn't hear that! He didn't just admit *liability*, did he?
He's winging it. I can't watch. . . !
Anyway. . . (*cough*). . . except for a few minor accidents and things, I want to reassure all passengers and crew. . . (*cough, cough*). . . that all three vessels are entirely spaceworthy and. . . (*cough*). . . the mission is proceeding exactly. . . (*cough, cough, cough*). . . as *planned*. . . (*cough*). . . Mostly.

The *Biosphere* and the *Terhune* will assume positions eighteen light years from Earth and . . . uhm . . . sit there for awhile. The warship *Lady* will continue on course to Canida.
FLAME OUT
Once again, everything is under control and there's no need to worry about all the things that are going wrong.
Thank you and . . . good afternoon.
Good speech, Dal. Of course, there were a few rough spots . . .
I know. The prompter blew up. I tried to remember all the things you told me but I guess I got flustered. I'm sorry.
Ah, speaking of being *sorry*—apologizing indicates *liability*. It wasn't your fault the prompter blew up, so *you* shouldn't apologize for it. Do you see the legal principle involved?
SQUISH
SQUISH

Yes, I understand. I didn't mean to apologize but it slipped out. I'm sorry.
Will you *quit apologizing*?! You're driving me *crazy*, *apologizing* all the time!
I'm sorry. . .!
Later. . .
Captain, we've reached those coordinates you gave me. . . I think. Could you come take a look?
I couldn't have charted it better myself. Initiate the de-warp.
STARK
De-warping now, sir.
What's the plan, Dal? Secret tactics or superior strategy?
Just "hit and run" until we can link up with Canida's main defense forces. Then I place myself under higher command. . . thank gods!
It's hard to believe we've covered more than thirty-six light years in less than a day! In a few moments I'll get to see your home planet!
Well, not quite. I'm de-warping about a light-week away so we can check out the battle from a safe distance. No sense taking unnecessary risks.
WARP


Ohmigod, Dal! What've you done?!
Gods! We've de-warped in a thicket of *Nimp*! We're sitting ducks!
Well. . . *un-de-warp* us, for Chris'sakes!
Oh, Lord—they've seen us! I just saw a *missile port* open up!
Settings, Captain! Give me some *settings*!
Forget the settings! *Warp out*!
Plotting a course takes time! We can't just warp out *anywhere*!
I don't care if we end up in *Duluth*! Get us *out* of here!

Warp-out in progress! As soon as the field generator builds up a charge ..!
XEC
NAV
Too late! They're firing!
KA-RUMP
We.. we're still in one piece! By the gods— I think we made it!
We did! We're in the clear! Let's hear some damage reports, people!

Dal—what happened?
We de-warped smack in the middle of the Nimp armada . . . on their way to *Earth*, apparently.
Surely the battle on Canida isn't over *already*. The Nimp couldn't be *that* powerful . . . *could* they?
CHING
BABICH
JONES
I . . . I guess they could
Captain, I've completed a forward scan of Canida. I detect no space forces. They must have pulled out completely.
What about the planet itself? What's the life reading?
CHING
Just background level, sir. No measurable population reading at all
I see

Navigator, plot a course for Canida. We're going in.
The planet greets its visitors stoically, a discarded ball rolled to a dusty corner of the universe. Chewed ragged, pockmarked, it casts desolate eyes on its prodigal son and asks the question. . . "Why?"
"Why do you return to me now? What do you want from me? What can I possibly have left to give?"
Sh He hasn't seen us yet . .
Hold it, you! Drop your weapon!
I said drop it! Surrender yourself or I'l. '
Oh! Hmmph!

Just a statue—one of our old war heroes. Are you still getting lifeform readings, Ching?
Yes, sir, but they're faint. Still, there's definitely *something* nearby.
All right. We'll keep searching. Be on your guard—it could be a Nimp.
Dal... wait a minute.
Take it easy on yourself, okay? We've been scouting for hours... you're getting edgy. You don't have to keep *pushing* yourself like this!
Why don't we take a breather, go back to the ship and unwind a little? What d'ya say?
Not now, Gunner. I can't stop until I find out what happened to my *people*!
Dal...

Your people are dead The Nimp wiped them out Can't you *see* that?
I can see Can't *you SMELL*?
Huh?
Use your noses! Sniff around! What do you smell?
Smoke Dust .
SNIFF
Something like kind of a gassy smell
SNIFF
And dear gods . . . what *don't* you smell? Even *you* should've noticed it!
SSSNIIIFFF
You mean '
Death! There's no smell of *death*!
All this destruction *devastation* . but where are the bodies?

Jesus. You re right. This this is creepy

Spooky Like the Mary Celeste

Unsettling, yes. But it's a mystery I'm determined to solve.

You can do-do if it makes you feel better

You know --the Earth ritual Do-do do-do, do-do do-do

PHU T NNT

Captain! Look!

EEEEEEEEE

Glistle! Take cover!

WHOOMF
What was *that*?
A *glistle*. It turns everything near the explosion *crystalline*
Watch!
CRASH
TINKLE
SHATTER
Incredible! Is that a Nimp weapon?
No, it's Canidan. But I've never seen a *building* like that one before
A Nimp outpost, maybe but using Canidan weaponry? It doesn't make sense!
We'll have to rush them! Glistle launchers aren't especially accurate —we stand a good chance of making it
Forward — *run*!

PHUNT
EEE WHOOMF
PHUNT
WHOMF
Made it! Okay . . . together now Rush in and fan out . . . but try to hold your fire Whoever's inside has a lot of *explaining* to do!
You're covered, mister! Surrender yourself!

Too dark to see back there. Smell anything?

Somebody's here—I smell him! But it *can't* be who I think it is!

Wrong as always, Dalgoda. You should say—it's who you're *afraid* it is . . .

Careful, Dal! It's a trick!

Greff!

I'm glad you've come, Dal Now I can . . . have my revenge.

Watch it! He's up to something!

Greff's a member of my old unit, Posey. He's wounded badly. Help me set him down

Why didn't you bring the *armada* the ships from Earth? The people *gave up* because of you! They *ran* . . like cowards!
Where, Greff? Where did they run? *How*
Big secret
They gave me my ship after all another sub space ship after you *stole* the first one Sent me to find . a new *home*
They learned something while you were gone Learned how to send things . . *people* through sub-space with no *ship*
Just needed *receivers* on another planet I flew the ship found the planet Flew *engineers*.
They *ran* Transmitted *everybody* Ran because you were *gone* Because there would be no help from Earth Because you *failed*!
I came back to *fight* Couldn't die . . . a *coward*
You you stole the Earth mission from *me* I would've *succeeded* We could've *fought* But you failed and they *ran*
Where, Greff? Where did they run to?
No clues Didn't tell Earth No clues . for the *Nimp*
But you were there, Greff! You can tell me where they've gone! You know where they went!
You have to *tell* me, Greff!

Nimp. . . destroyed everything. Everybody. . . gone. Everybody. . . but me.

Greff!

I. . . I told you Told you. . I'd have. . . have my rev—

Greff. .?

So that's it.

This isn't real This isn't happening to me .

Dal . take it easy. We can think this through.

DAMN YOU, GREFF! DAMN YOUR SOUL TO HELL!

How could you *do* this to me?
Da calm down! At least your people are *alive* somewhere. We can find them!
They won't have left a clue on the whole *planet*, Posey! They couldn't take a chance on the *Nimp* tracking them! How can *we*...?
We'll do it, Dal. We'll find them somehow

Da.'s taking it hard Where .s he now?

In his quarters said he needed a nap The poor guy's had a rough dav

You could ca.l it that

What do you think Greff meant when he sa.d Dal stole the mission"? First it was "you stole the ship" and then "you stole the mission . ."

Well, he certainly stole *these* ships, but he was completely justified. Maybe something similar happened on Canida

Then aga.n maybe he beat Greff out of the mission fair and square Maybe Greff was just bitter

I don't know—Dal's not much of a competitor. He was looking forward to *relinquishing* command when he got back home.

I don't think he's *ambitious* enough to steal a mission from someone else!

Then again, maybe he's not the easy-going goof he appears to be. Maybe our boy's got depths we've never plumbed

ZRASH
•CAPTAIN•
KLANG

"I'm worried about him, Posey You don't think a.l this might have you know . . . pushed him over the edge ?"

"Nah Once he gets his nap and some food in his belly, he'll adjust."

'He'll be fine You know Dal "

"He always bounces back "

PAU

LETTERS

Send to: **Dalgoda Letters**, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301

Dear Pooch People,

Glad to see the "Grimwood's Daughter" will be wrapping up with issue #6. Although it may be quite good and I certainly applaud Mr. Strnad's versatility in being able to write both something like it and *Dalgoda*, I feel it appeals to far too different an audience to be appropriate as a backup feature. I definitely subscribe to the school of thought that a backup feature should appeal to basically the same audience as the main feature, or there shouldn't be a backup feature. Thanks for listening.

Robert Blau
Chicago IL

JAN'S REPLY

I don't know, Robert. I suppose you're right in one way, that a comic book attracts its own particular audience and that a backup feature should ideally appeal to that same audience. But people like different things about Dalgoda *and finding a non-Dal feature that appealed to every Dal fan would be impossible. For one thing, Dennis wouldn't have been able to draw it—he hasn't had the time—so that'd lose some people right there.*

On the other hand, another school of thought (i.e., mine) sees backup features as the perfect place for presenting material that, although excellent, wouldn't attract a large enough audience on its own to make it publishable. Backups are also good for introducing existing readers to titles they might be overlooking (e.g. next issue's Journey *backup by Bill Loebs), and for doing really wacko stuff like the upcoming* Bojeffries Saga *by Alan Moore and Steve Parkhouse.*

Dear Gary,

Do you realize that *Dalgoda* #5 is a mix of perhaps most of literature's forms? In one issue we have science fiction, a murder mystery, suspense, a comedy of errors, and medical story. After Dalgoda's "mutiny" this issue there'll probably be swashbuckling. Jan blends all these styles wonderfully,

instead of giving us an expectedly clashing mess. Jan is usually described, perhaps by himself as well, as a good writer, no superstar, who one can count on to deliver a good story every time. If *Dalgoda* is the result we need more good writers and fewer superstars.

Just out of curiosity, what is the number of diagnosed candidosis victimes and the estimated total number?

David Alan Wright
New Britain CT

JAN'S REPLY

Pardon me for answering a letter addressed to Gary, but now that I've moved to California I get to reply to all letters to Dalgoda *personally.*

Yeah, I think of myself as a good writer but "good" and "superstar" aren't mutually exclusive terms. Alan Moore is both "good" and a "superstar," for instance. Get all your friends to buy Dalgoda *and maybe I'll get to be a superstar, too.*

My information on candidosis is sketchy but it indicates that it's a very rare disease, especially outside of Japan, with virtually no mention in American journals.

As for the "swashbuckling" theme, the next two issues of Dalgoda *comprise a two-part story called "The Canine Mutiny." I'd appreciate any information you can give me about what happens after that. "Shoot-Out at the OK Kennel" maybe.*

Jan

The whimsy (in *Dalgoda*) is delightful, each story is unique and constantly surprising. Issue #4 is my favorite (my thoughts drift toward time-freed paradise these days), with the *Twilight Zone* tune, the shark bit, bemused military and idyllic islanders with the rescue of a desperate friend. Unforgettable, gorgeous artistry—in writing, delineation, and coloring—by *all* of you! I hope the story continues forever and everyone experiences it. You've definitely got another fan.

Mike Jittlov
Hollywood CA

JAN'S REPLY

Thanks for the very kind words, Mike! I'm a big fan of yours, too!

One of the sadder aspects of life in these United States is the limited opportunity most of us have to see the many short films that are produced every year—which includes most of Mike Jittlov's incredible work. His first film, "Good Grief!," which he produced as a student at UCLA, was nominated for an Academy Award—not a bad beginning for a film career. His later films won three consecutive Cinemedia Awards and would probably still be winning them today if the sponsors hadn't asked him to quit entering and give somebody else a chance.

Besides other film projects, Mike produced and starred in "The Wizard of Speed and Time," an invigorating special effects tour de force featuring a 500 mph Wizard, a beautiful hitchhiker, dancing tripods, and film-can waterfalls. For the Disney Studios, he animated over 1,000 Mickey Mouse toys for "Collector Mouse Mania!," aired on Mickey's 50th Anniversary TV Special.

He's currently putting the wraps on a feature length version of The Wizard of Speed and Time.

Dear Folks,

Before I say anything else, I can see you're worried about the price increase. I'd like to point out that I paid $4.25 for *Dalgoda* #5. It's worth it.

The direction of the book is a clear one. I'm looking forward to Das's homecoming and the confrontation with the Nimp, whatever they are. After the war ends I hope you don't shuffle the supporting cast back to Earth. You've got a fascinating bunch of characters on the Biosphere. Let's get to know them better, Okay?

The humor-drama intermix worked well again. The scene with Posey, Victor, and Edwin Walader was priceless. In contrast, the last panel on page 18 was suitably solemn. Dalgoda's illusions are shattered.

Geez, the art in this book is sooo good! One of its main virtues is its credibility. It must be very difficult to design a futuristic look that's both original and interesting. Dennis has

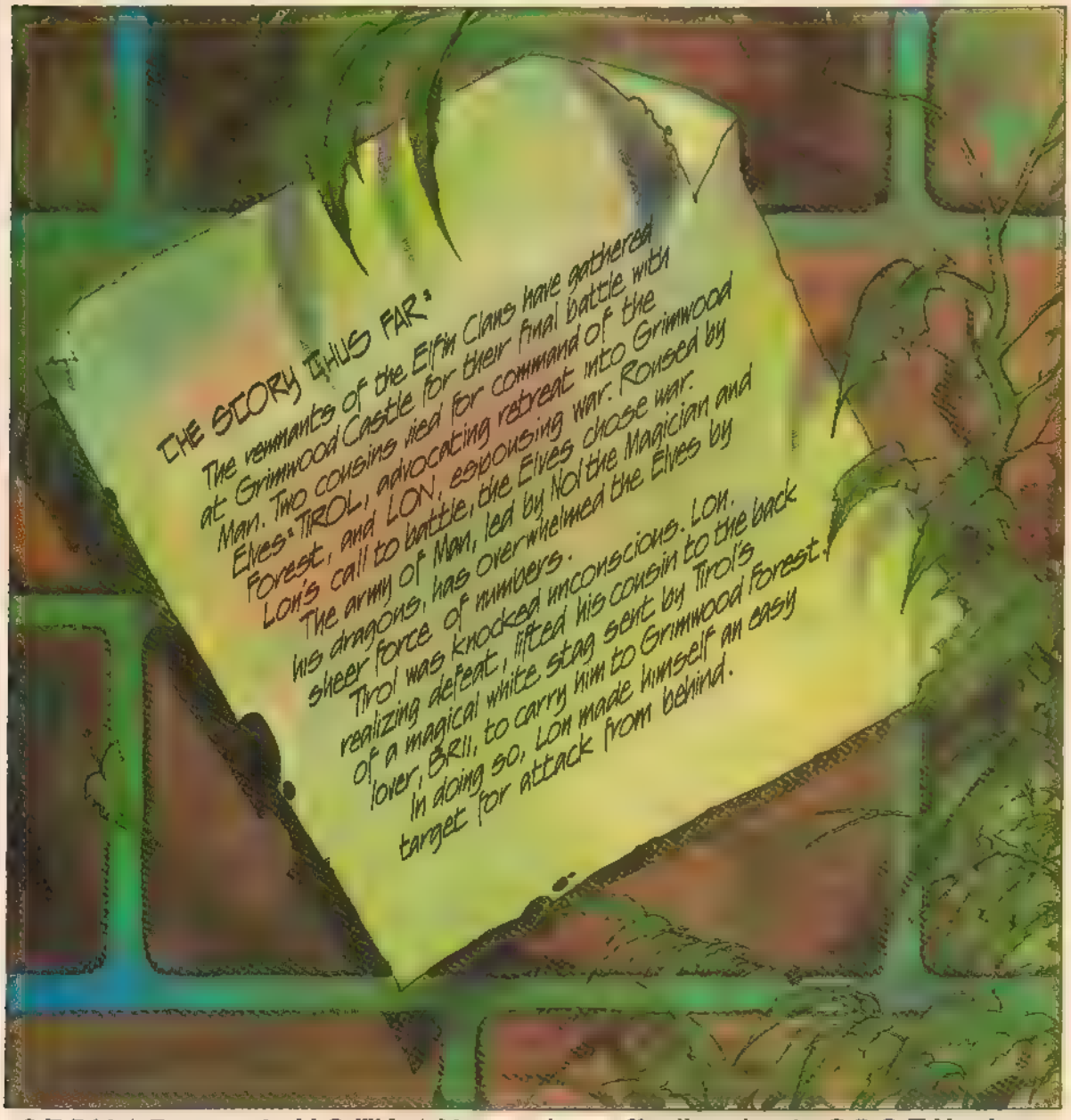
See "Letters," page 33

DALGODA
ORIGINAL ART

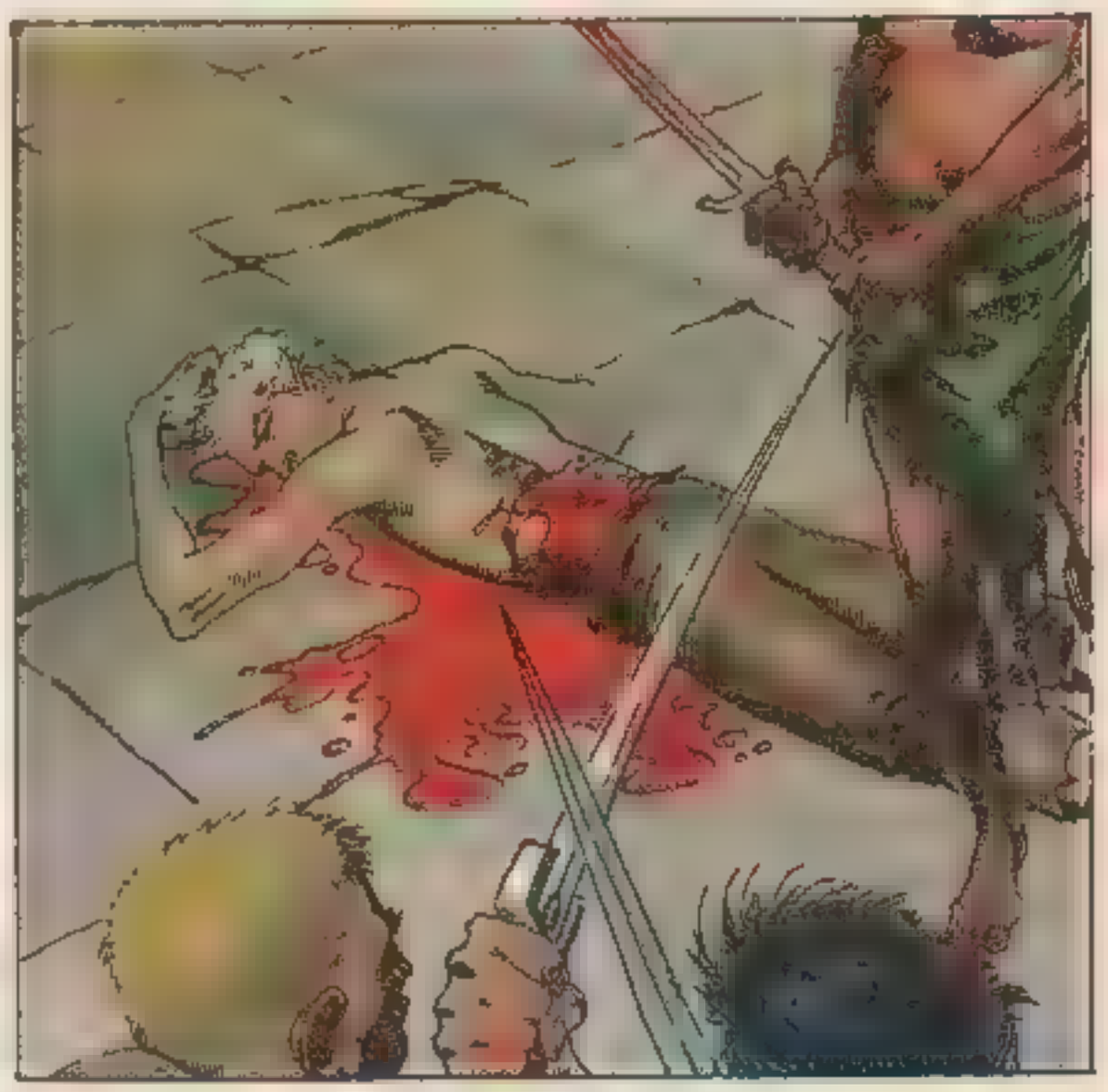
For complete price list, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dalgoda Original Art, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301.

GRIMWOOD'S DAUGHTER

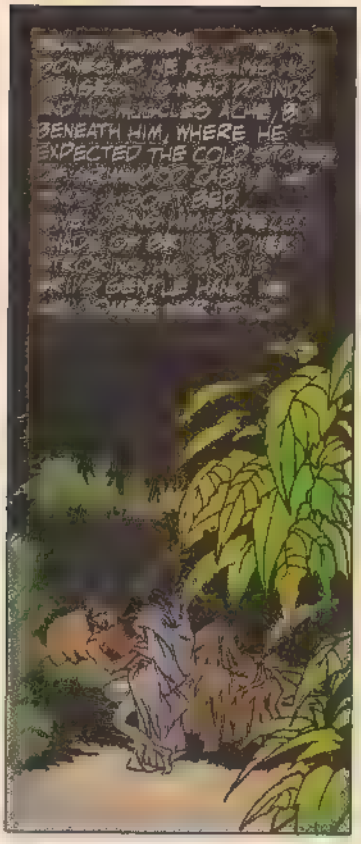
CHAPTER FIVE


THE STORY THUS FAR:
The remnants of the Elfin Clans have gathered at Grimwood Castle for their final battle with Man. Two cousins vied for command of the Elves: TIROL, advocating retreat into Grimwood Forest, and LON, espousing war. Roused by Lon's call to battle, the Elves chose war. The army of Man, led by NOI the Magician and his dragons, has overwhelmed the Elves by sheer force of numbers.
Tirol was knocked unconscious. Lon, realizing defeat, lifted his cousin to the back of a magical white stag sent by Tirol's lover, BRII, to carry him to Grimwood Forest. In doing so, Lon made himself an easy target for attack from behind.

STRNAD *story* • NOWLAN *art, coloring, & calligraphy* • GROTH *editing*



THE STAG FLOATS THROUGH GRIMWOOD FOREST LIKE A LUMINOUS MIST. DEEP, DESPERATE MAGIC COURSES THROUGH ITS VEINS, THROUGH EVERY MUSCLE. DOES IT PASS *BETWEEN* THE TREES... OR THROUGH THEM? THE ELFIN BURDEN ON ITS BACK NEVER STIRS, NEVER SLIPS. THE EYES OF GRIMWOOD CHART ITS SILENT PASSAGE.



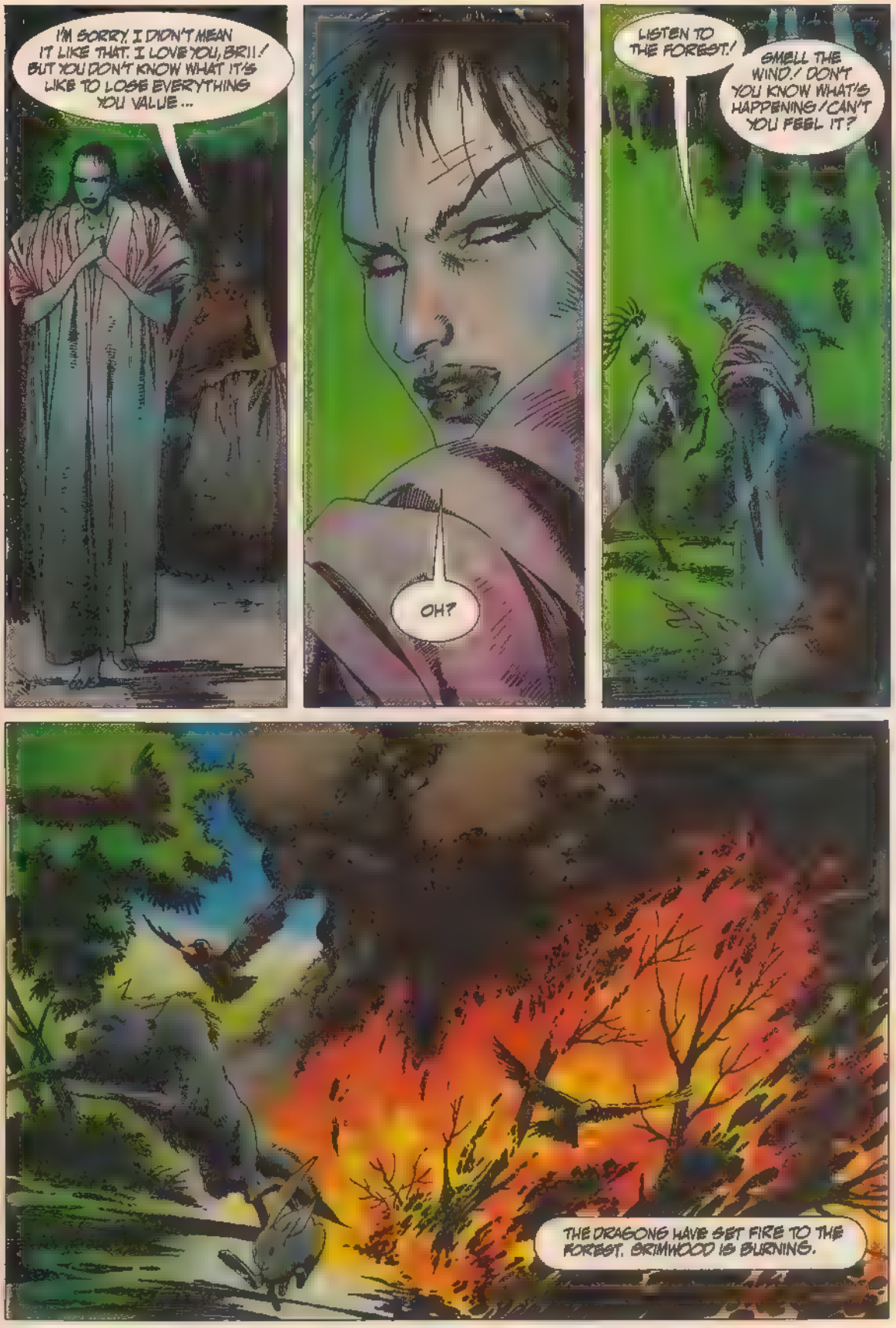
HOW DID I GET HERE? WHERE'S LON?
LON IS DEAD. HIS FINAL ACT WAS TO PLACE YOU ON THE STAG... TO SAVE YOUR LIFE.

THEN, HE DIED A HERO... WHILE I LIE HERE LIKE A COWARD!
I HAVE TO GO BACK!
NO!

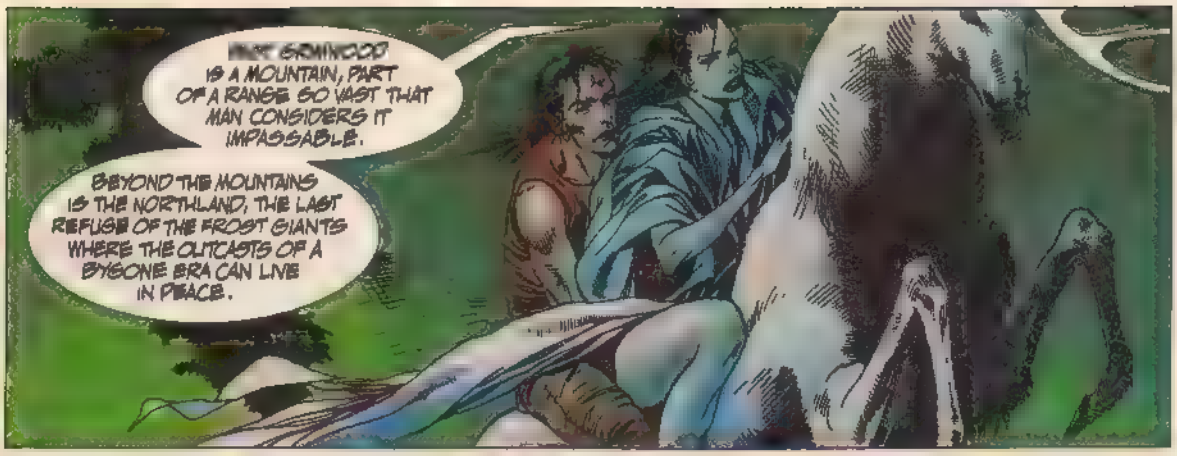
DON'T YOU REALIZE... LON WAS CONDEMNED BY HIS STUPID ELFIN PRIDE! HE'D SEEN THE ARMY OF MAN — HE KNEW THE WAR WAS HOPELESS! HE SAVED YOU FOR A CHALLENGE HE COULDN'T FACE — THE CHALLENGE OF A NEW WAY OF LIFE! HE SAVED YOU FOR LIVING, TIROL... NOT DYING!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND US AT ALL. LON COULDN'T RUN AWAY. NONE OF US COULD. WITH OUR CLANS MURDERED, OUR CASTLES DESTROYED — WHAT WAS THERE TO LIVE FOR?

I SEE.


I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN IT LIKE THAT. I LOVE YOU, BRII! / BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LOSE EVERYTHING YOU VALUE ...
OH?
LISTEN TO THE FOREST!
SMELL THE WIND! / DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING! / CAN'T YOU FEEL IT?
THE DRAGONS HAVE SET FIRE TO THE FOREST. GRIMWOOD IS BURNING.

WE HAVE TO LEAVE. WE HAVE TO PUT EVERYTHING BEHIND US AND GO NORTH. THERE'S JUST THE TWO OF US, TIROL, BUT WE CAN HAVE A LIFE TOGETHER / THERE WILL BE HAPPY MOMENTS, I PROMISE YOU /
COME WITH ME, MY LOVE...

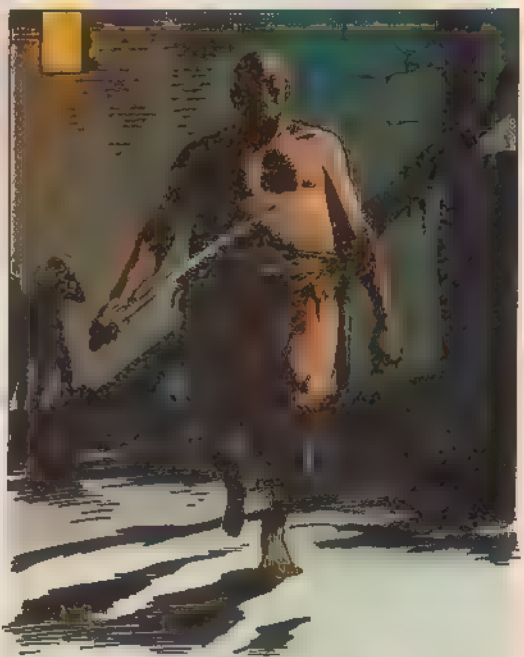

[illegible] GRIMWOOD IS A MOUNTAIN, PART OF A RANGE SO VAST THAT MAN CONSIDERS IT IMPASSABLE.
BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS IS THE NORTHLAND, THE LAST REFUGE OF THE FROST GIANTS WHERE THE OUTCASTS OF A BYGONE ERA CAN LIVE IN PEACE.

IT WILL BE COLD AND BLEAK, AND LIFE WILL BE HARD. BUT IT'LL BE GOOD, DEAR LOVE, YOU'LL SEE.

WE'LL MAKE IT GOOD.

WELL, MY PRIDE, IT'S OVER.
THE CASTLE HAS FALLEN. MEN HAVE TOSSED OUT THE DEAD AND RAIDED THE LARDERS. THEIR DRUNKEN BODIES LITTER THE PASSAGES.

THEY PISS ON THE WALLS AND WIPE THEIR GREASY MOUTHS ON TAPESTRIES FINER THAN SILK. I WOULDN'T TRADE THE LOT OF THEM FOR A SINGLE ONE OF THOSE WEAVINGS.



"OUR ESTEEMED ALLY, SWAGGERING WITH THE GRANDEUR OF HIS DAY'S DEEDS. LEARN HIS SMELL, OLD DARLING-- THE FUME OF THE ORDINARY MAN. HE'LL BE THE ENEMY SOMEDAY!

THE GIANTS, THE ELEMENTALS, AND NOW THE ELVES. ONE BY ONE THEY SLIP INTO HISTORY. ONE BY ONE THEIR SEASONS HAVE ENDED.
HATCHING SOME PLOT, ARE YOU, NOL... NOW THAT YOUR WORK FOR ME IS DONE?
MERELY DISCOURSING ON THE TRANSIENT NATURE OF ALL THINGS, MY FRIEND -- HOW EACH OF US MUST MEET THE END OF HIS SEASON. GODS AND SPIRITS, MAGICIANS AND DRAGONS....
AYE, IT ALL GOES SOONER OR LATER. ONLY THE SEASON OF MAN IS ETERNAL.
MAN...?
DID YOU HEAR THAT, OLD SCORCH? HE SAYS THE SEASON OF MAN IS ETERNAL! WHAT'S MORE... I THINK HE BELIEVES IT!

AND AT THAT, NOL THE MAGICIAN BEGAN TO LAUGH....
the end.

From "Letters," page 23

done it. Everything—the clothes, machinery, star ships, etc.—look like they function.

Dalgoda is easily one of the top books on the market. Crew, be proud!

W.J. Gray
Denedin, New Zealand

JAN'S REPLY:

$4.25?! And then you spent another sixty cents in postage to send us your letter of comment! Now, all you loyal readers who carped to your dealer about having to pay two bucks—aren't you ashamed?

Seriously, Warwick, do you realize what a burden a $2.00 cover price puts on the creative team of a comic book? That's a lot of entertainment to provide! Dennis and I could give you seventy-five cents worth of thrills and giggles without working up a sweat, but two dollars worth? No wonder we're both haggard and worried about price increases.

Thanks for the nice words and don't worry about the Dalgoda *cast shuffling off to obscurity anytime soon. The Nimp War is too big to end quickly, and I have lots more to write about all the major characters.*

Dear Dalgoda Team,

So the price has gone up to $2.00. So what! I'm still going to buy. *Dalgoda* is too good to disappear because of money problems. (I hope!) Let's face it—you are aiming at the older end of the market, thus limiting the field to start with. Until some pioneering spirit manages to break the mold and gain comics a much wider market, you are going to have to survive small profits and I'm going to have to pay high prices. I think it's worth it for the future of comics.

Dalgoda #5 has just made it to England. My only disappointment was the coloring—colors overlapping edges, etc. The rest was lovely. Humor abounds. *Grimwood's Daughter* is a wonderfully moody back-up, both in artwork and coloring.

Oh—I could go one and on, but I'd best stop. *Dalgoda* is truly alternative and is very funny. Worth every cent (or pence over here). Go to it, Gentlemen!

Mr. Roddy Mearing
Worcester Park, Surrey,
England

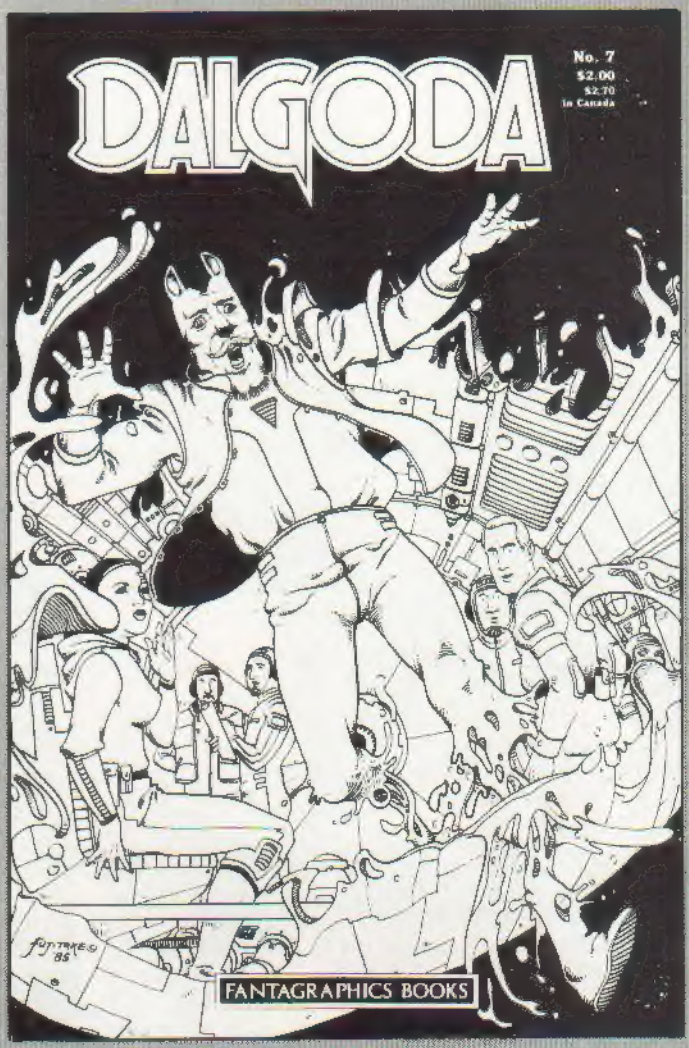
JAN'S REPLY:

I'd like to think that Dalgoda *is, as you say, "too good to disappear because of money problems," but the sad fact is that no comic book is too good to survive poor sales. Recent cancellations include the classic* Wonder Woman *from DC and Eclipse's* Zot!, *a comic highly praised by the critics and winner of the 1984 Jack Kirby Award for "Best New Comic."*

Eclipse Editor-in-Chief Cat Yronwode has said that Zot! *could have been saved by an additional 5,000 readers.* Dalgoda, *fortunately, has those extra 5,000 (and a few more) and is in no immediate danger of cancellation. In fact, it's recently become possible to issue* Dalgoda *more frequently. . . once we get a few issues ahead in our current schedule.*

Thanks for the compliments!

NEXT ISSUE



"The Canine Mutiny, Part One": A most peculiar origin story (a.k.a. "Dalgoda at Canida High"); a graveside conversation between Dal and Gunner; a departure for new horizons; Victor Kneedam's nose falls off; the problems of traveling in subspace; and a very—wait a minute. Victor Kneedam's NOSE falls off?

PLUS: The very first full-color JOURNEY tale by William Messner-Loebs, featuring Wolverine's most unusual (and, perhaps, deadliest) adversary.

☐ Begin my subscription to *Dalgoda* with the next issue off the presses! I enclose a check or money order for $12.00 for the next 6 issues (outside U.S.: $14.50 in U.S. funds).

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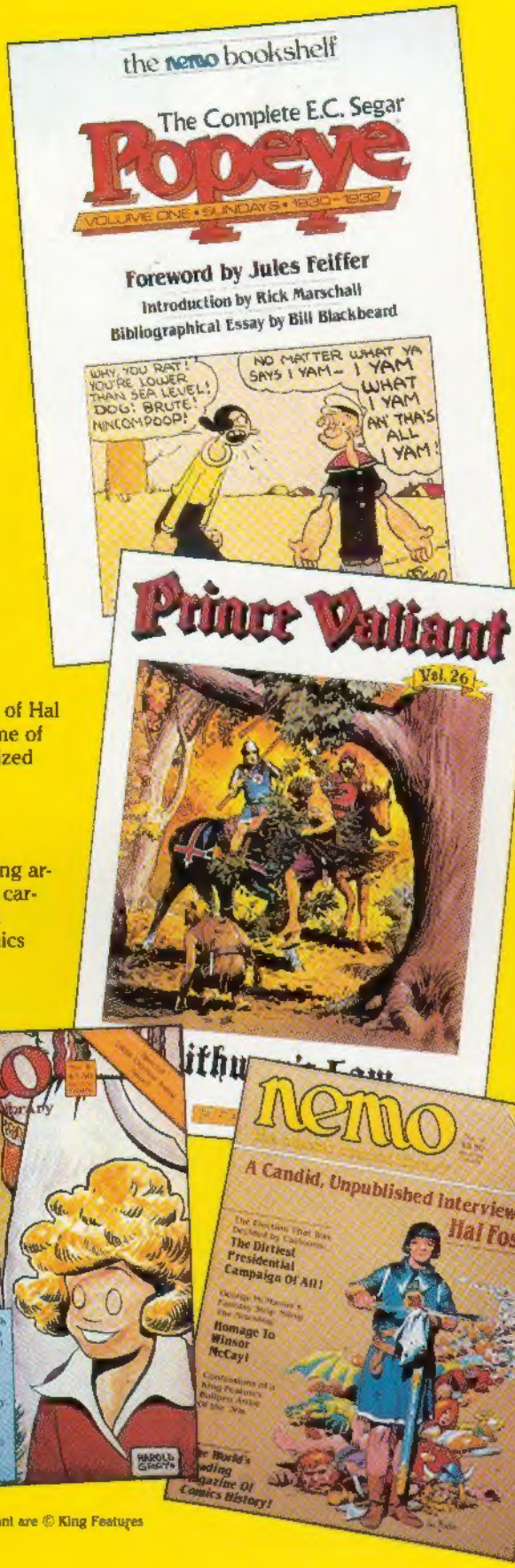
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Bibliographical Essay by Bill Blackbeard
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